

I went with Dr. Harcus & a cousin of his Dr. Fisher to the College Botanic gardens - Oh if you could see Laurustinas full of flowers in the open air here on the 11th of December, *Pittosporum*, primroses, *Chrysanthemums*, &c. & the turf green & fresh as in spring! - And such pretty holly trees! - There were some beautiful *vaccines* (?) in the recesses of a close wooding over its nest - From the gardens we went to St. Patrick's Cathedral, & after waiting with due patience, were favored by one of the dignitaries whom Dr. Harcus knew with order of admission into the private seats - The cathedral is sadly out of repair, & only the ^{choir} chancel, & the cross where nave & transepts meet, fitted up for service, so of course the

accommodation for seats is but little & it is excessively crowded - For they have the reputation of very fine music which draws great crowds - The nave where we waited is quite out of repair, but hung with the banner of the old knights of St. Patrick, & has some interesting monuments - Dean Swift's was near where we stood, & Stella's close by - And just opposite was one of Wolfe of Sir John Moore's burial memory - And behind a most extraordinary & grotesque specimen of the taste of 1652 ^{carved} figures painted in costume, in niches of black marble adorned with gilding! - The ^{choir} ~~chancel~~ is hung round with the banners of the living knights - Lord Jough (pronounced Joff) was there - In cathedrals the service is chanted, & before I have not liked it; but here the voices were so good & so beautifully harmonized that it was very fine - One little boy certainly had a cherub's voice, so sweet, so clear, so true, so powerful! I could scarcely believe at first it was not a woman's - But the solemn effect of a church service was injured by the audience seeming somewhat as at a concert, I do not like carelessness & inattention in a church - The anthems were very fine, particularly the Virgin Mary's song, & the 10th Psalm - The sermon was very fine -

It was in a fine room - and the widow of one of Dr. Hare's brothers with her son dined with us. I wish you could have heard her tell me the story of her care of a poor little child who took her in its frailty; with her warm, eloquent conviction, which seemed to glow & burn; it was worth hearing.

After our patient was up & dressed, I escorted him to go & visit the colleges - The Colleges are a fine mass of buildings surrounding their quadrangles, & living rooms & the colleges - many professors & fellows - Dr. Hare has an exceedingly nice set of rooms, his study, chamber & parlour all consistent with the herbarium - He received us in his robe of state, a scarlet cloth robe lined & turned up with crimson silk, & a black velvet flat college cap with ornaments & heavy band, which lands round his throat - After going through his rooms where I saw sundry things to remember, - a miked absence of books, he escorted us, not in costume, to the library, where we had the privilege of being introduced into the manuscript room, & saw sundry curious & interesting old manuscripts beautifully illuminated - He left very perfect in his mind a poor man in the valley of Chorlath must have spent her life upon a curiously illustrated book of Revelations, & the book of his in the west - and with us saw Maria's name written when she resided in the college - &c. &c.